

Moxy Fruvous, Huge On The Luge

Grandpa hated winter
Couldn't stand the site of snow
He got surly and bitter when
Cold winds began to blow
Snowflakes made him dizzy
He hated winter sports
And he wished ill will
On little kids
Building snow ball forts

Snow angels made him vomit
Snowmen raised his ire
He said, "They remind me of the Kaiser!"
As he stoked a melting fire
Well it rolled round to December
He always wished he'd ne'er been born
But that all changed the year
He got a high-speed luge on Christmas morn.

'Cause he was huge on the luge
When his cheeks went rouge
No fluke in a toque
Sub-zero centrifuge
Look at grandpa cruise
Like a demon on the booze
Not a stooge like Scrooge
But really huge on the luge

He made himself a luge track
He packed it down with ice
He waxed his luge most everyday
Made sure the blades would slice
Took sharp turns without slowing down
That took a lot of guts
Called himself the northern nugget
But grandma called him nuts

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Folks came from miles around to see
This crazy bugger race
At his Olympic octogenarian
Frost bitten feisty face
Then one day, at a time trial
He broke the speed of sound
And to this day his beloved luge and he
Still have not been found

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